

# The New-York Saturday Press.

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The New York Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.  
Editor and Publisher.

I'LL BE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MARY A. DENISON.  
"I'll be beautiful!" she said.  
So softly a soul-long song-sing.  
Arching and nodding her pretty head,  
O! she was so clearly bred!  
Golden curling in her hair, clear and ringing,  
Voices bird-like, as clear and ringing!  
Lips so dewy and red.

"I'll be beautiful!" she sang;  
"Ruling my loves with smiles and sighs,  
They shall say that jewels drop from my tongue;  
That of the most brilliant among them,  
None have so eloquent eyes;  
I care not to be either witty or wise—  
From such tears are rung."

"And I will be beautiful!" said May,  
Lifting her soft blue eyes to heaven;  
"Dear Lord Jesus, make me art the way:  
I will be beautiful in all I do."  
And pardon as I would be forgiven;  
I'll strive to be purer, day by day,  
And in thy strength—pray.

"I will be beautiful—in my heart;  
In my soul and in my body holding;  
A chosen spirit is better than art—  
To give young faces sweet tint and shading.  
These for my beauty—a voice whose tone  
Should be to the sad like a song;  
A smile like the light in the celestial throne;  
As when in brightness the sun doth fall;  
For smile, it's happy, is always new;  
And a low voice pleases all.  
What matter if tresses or eye grow dull?  
If the heart hoy, 'tis beautiful."

—Boston Evening Transcript.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

**LABORUM UMBRATILES. (Sic.)**

About Literature and Literary Men—A Series of Papers by Euston Hastings.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

Come as you go, at home, come as we are—SPRING PROVERB.

The SATURDAY PRESS, now entering the fourth month of its existence—the first number bears date Oct. 23—is a new weekly journal, devoted to literary, artistic, dramatic, and musical intelligence, published at No. 9 Spruce street, New York. Its editors are Henry Clapp, Jr., and Thos. Bailey Aldrich. It has already been announced in the columns of this paper, but as it is yet comparatively unknown to the majority of our readers, we are thus particular in reannouncing its publication, for the purpose of presenting the claims of its editors and commenting upon its merits. These are (the claims we mean) that it shall be a strictly independent literary journal (i.e. controlled by no clique, we suppose)—speaking its mind freely without fear or favor, let or hindrance, dictation or prejudice. That in all matters embraced in the wide domain of literature and art, it be thoroughly and completely reliable! Truly, *Rara avis in terris nigrosum similes cygnus!* We have bought its numbers regularly since it was first issued, and have pursued its contents with a twofold feeling. First, out of sincere regard for one of its editors—second, from a desire to see whether its original promulgated intention of independence would be carried out. It is with mingled regret and disappointment we find the latter has not been the case. True, there has been independence in its editorials, its criticisms, in its original and selected articles. But such an independence! Jupiter Tonans! As if the world were already at its feet, and it had no more to conquer; as if it had reached the utmost altitude of human perfection, and was endowed with divine or superhuman wisdom and judgment; *sic!* indeed, it was so wise and acute, so subtle and profound, that it was capable at once of estimating the merits or demerits of every event and action, every effort and performance, with such oracular and overwhelming power that its fate should be determined irretrievably—for good or evil, success or failure, for life or death—as of old by the Rotian Delphicus!

Royal Critics! They should sit on thrones of ivory and gold under rich canopies, with thunder brandished in their right hands, holding sceptres of cypress in their left, emblematic of their wonderful preudence and power.

He, whose all-concious eyes the world behold,

To sternal thunder, sat enthroned in gold;

High heav'n he roosted for his feet he makes,

And wide beneath him, all Olympus shaketh.

He spoke: and awful bends his cable brown,

Shakes his iron hand, and hems the nod;

The hand of fate and doom, the dread signal took,

High heaven, with trembling, the dread signal took,

And all Olympus to the centre shook.

Seriously, we think the editors of THE SATURDAY PRESS have overhauled their mark. Their boasted independence is that of "prod man dressed in a little brief authority"—van, conceited, arbitrary, and dictatorial.

While we admire the boldness with which they expose the abuses and evils existing in the publishing business

—the tricks and traps of publishers, the shams and superficialities of bibliographers, the defects and deficiencies of authors and artists irrespective of name or fame—while we are even prepared to applaud and encourage all this, we cannot sanction or approve—scarcely tolerate—the exceedingly hypercritical pen-killo with which they put forth their data or give expression to their concealed sense of propriety and justice.

It is true that Napoleon the Great, on taking the reins of government into his hands, wrought such a revolution in the mind and morals, customs, laws, and usages of France, as to change almost at once, and as if with the wand of a magician, the whole and entire existing order of things. But the editors of the Press must remember he had a different order of spirit—chaotic and impossible—to achieve his purpose with, to say nothing of the vast machinery of power (the army) at his back to enforce his will. While they with however liberal resources (money) cannot hope to combat and successfully overcome errors and evils that have gained such a foothold and power of being as have inculcated and invaded every limb of the body politic, so that society, the arts, sciences, literature, religion, politics, trade, and every other pursuit and calling is overrun and fostered with "quacks" and "humbugs," "cheats" and "deceptions," "fancies" and "delusions," to the extent that were every man to get his award, it would be difficult to say "who should 'scape whipping." In this general defective state of things, a new critical journal devoted to the province of literature and the fine arts, should first aim at crores before it commences a crusade against the deficiencies of others. It should be above the petty jealousies, rivalries, and pretensions of others; it should pursue a course of upward, onward, and progressive character, without being diverted by every little circumstance that may arise in its pathway. The scope of its observation should be broad, liberal, and comprehensive, the tone of its articles elevated and ennobling, the style of its criticisms discriminating and impartial, while its whole conduct should be animated by the desire to promote the happiness and well-being of others—whereas lies the trusty glory and highest aim of literature—rather than its own aggrandizement and exaltation, though these shall come of the others. In nearly all the criticisms as well as editorials we have seen in THE SATURDAY PRESS, there has existed a lordly sense of autocratic power which neither the years nor the reputation of the editors warrant.

There is a spirit of hyperian or exaggeration in their articles, which effectually defeats the purpose they have in view or the end they seek to accomplish. This is detectable alike in the poetry as in the prose of at least one of the editors, and our taste is not only palled by its frequency, but cloyed by its excess. They should remember:

"As sorci is the father of much fast,  
So every sorci by the immoderate use  
Turns to restraint; our nature doth prove  
(Like rate, that ravin down their proper bane)  
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die."

It will appear from what we have thus said—said, too, in the utmost spirit of kindness, and in such it should be alone interpreted—that THE SATURDAY PRESS while aiming to be a strictly impartial and independent journal, has missed its mark by an over-weaning sense of superiority and excellence, the possession of which qualities as yet the public are wanting in substantial proofs. To correct its defects we consider an easy matter, already begun, as the last few numbers evidence, and which requires for its remedy only a change of tone. Exaggeration of metaphor must give way to logical deduction, superciliousness of manner to a more considerate and courteous bearing, hypercritical to a more just analysis and estimate of the offerings, labors, and performances of others. With these improvements, THE SATURDAY PRESS must at very distant day achieve a high position, and become a general favorite among students, scholars, and the more cultivated class of readers. It has elements of excellency which, with time for development and fructification; the growth exists, its growth needs but the pruning knife and winnowing hand, and these, we feel assured, will be speedily brought into play; the gossamer threads will vanish, the nebulous mist disappear, and the solid structure rise in all its fairest architectural proportions. No undertaking can succeed that has not some special object for its attainment, an object at once high and noble. Let the editors of the Press and themselves what their ultimate purpose—their real aim—is, and then follow it like Columbus or Kane, with a steadiness and inflexibility of will, that nothing can daunt or defeat. In this they must have the aid as well as the sympathy (and they will) of all who have sincere appreciation for, and love of, the *New and Beautiful*. Because the earlier numbers of their paper were wanting in essential particulars, and occasioned thereby chagrin and disappointment, let them not despair or be disengaged. Carlyle says: "For directly in the teeth of most 'intellectual circles,' it may be asserted that no good book, or good thing of any sort, should be read at first; nay, that the commonest quality in a true work of Art, if its excellence have any depth or compass, is that at first sight it occasions a certain disappointment, perhaps even, mingled with its undeniable beauty, a certain feeling of aversion."

The later numbers of THE PRESS display a more just conception of the requirements of such a journal, and a more correct interpretation of the character and influence such should possess, in order to make its purpose fail and its opinions respected. Raising a high standard of *Evidentia*, it goes forward with a firm hand and confident heart to achieve its purpose, and with all our heart we say "God speed the Right."

—Worth to have's  
They name in arms now so great as mine!  
Sir Harry—"I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee,  
And all the boding hopes of thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garnet for my hand."

## POLITICAL MUSIC.

There is a very rare quotation from Shakespeare, which some of our erudite readers may have chance to meet once, or even twice, and which distinctly asserts that music has great power in soothing the savage breast, and that it is in fact the sovereign queller of passions ever invented. This, we admit, has, up to this time, been regarded as a fanciful speculation or a pretty theory, as our Optical signs, signs, and signatures, have preferred drawing dollars into the treasury of the Academy—dollars speedily and remorselessly reclaimed—to trying their head, throat, and chestnotes upon our forests and our quires. But what, in this practical age, is even the divine Art of Music—call it a Science, and call it both Art and Science—worth, if we cannot reduce it to plain, positive, and indisputable utility? Something of this we have already accomplished. There were the screaming, yelling, howling, phthisical, demoniacal, and altogether dreadful emanations of the Railway Calloque, which, to the apprehension of dilution, added the actuality of destruction, and kept us in mind of our latter end. There are the brass bands which enable our glittering and gorgeous warriors to sustain, without any distracting mortality, that awful Asmodeus from Union square to the Park, and which are, to our veterans regiments, what the happiness were to the wailful Highlanders in the Indian campaign. There are the hand-organs—organs, indeed, of a judicious Providence, which, through such instruments, inculcates the beatitudes of patience and long-suffering. There is the accordion, played by wretchedness at the open concert-maste on midwinter nights. There is your neighbor who, late in life, has commenced the study of the fiddle, under the impression that he had nothing to do but to buy a Chromatic scale last year, a box of strings, two pounds of rosin, the treatise of Spohr, Kreutzer, De Beriot, and Rode, in, order to make himself the cynosure of all concert-rooms and the rival of Vieux-

Maestro, Foreign Review, 1824.

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have just tumbled in a man who still breathed! "Oh, sir," replied the grave-digger, "it is easy to see that you are not accustomed to it as I am. If I were to stop you listed to them, there would never be one of them dead!" Even the undertakers grew merry at the influx of business—"Halloo, coach!" shouted out two vandevillists to an undertaker who was coming back empty by the Champs Elysées, "have you any room?" "All right," replied the man in black, "do not be in such a hurry, your turn will come; I have buried people in better health than you are!" These undertakers were all wrapped up in their business that they even grew jealous of losing a party. It happened one day that a patient was removed in a state of collapse. The cool air and the motion of the vehicle reviving him, he disengaged himself from the others, and jumped down into street. "Stop, there! stop, now! now!" shouted out the undertaker, "he is running away!"

[From the "Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold"—Published by Ticknor & Fields.]

Douglas Jerrold at Home.

It is a bright morning, about eight o'clock, at West Lodge, Putney Lower Common. The windows at the side of the old house, buried in trees, afford glimpses of a broad common, tufted with purple heather and yellow gorse. Gypsies are encamped where the blue smoke curl amid the elms. A window sash is shot sharply up. A clear, small voice is heard singing within. And now a long roulade, whistled softly, floats out. A little space figure, with a stomp, habited in a short shooting jacket, the throat quite open, without collar or kerchief, and crowned with a straw hat, pushes through the gate of the cottage, and goes, with short, quick steps, assisted by a stout stick, over the common. A little black and tan terrier follows, and rolls over the grass at intervals; as a response to a cheery word from his master. The gipsy encampment is reached. The gypsies know their friend, and a clasp and a laugh ensue. Then a deep gulp of the sweet morning air, a dozen bangles pulled to the nose here and there in the garden, the children kissed, and breakfast and the morning papers. The breakfast is a jug of cold new milk, some toast, bacon, water-cress. Perhaps a few strawberries have been found in the garden. A long examination of the papers—here and there a bit of news energetically read aloud, then cut and put between clippers. Then silently, suddenly, into the study. This study is a very snug room. All about it are books. Crowning the shelves are Milton and Shakespeare. A bit of Shakespeare's mulberry lies upon the mantelpiece. Above the sofa are "The Rent Day" and "Distraction for Rent." Wilkie's two pictures, in the corner of which is Wilkie's kind inscription to the author of the drama called "The Rent Day." Under the two prints hangs Sir Joshua's airy Puck, perched upon a purple mushroom. Turner's "Heidelberg" is here, too, and the engraver thereof will drop in presently—he lives close at hand—to see his friend Douglas Jerrold. Adrienne and Dorothae decorate the chimney-piece. The furniture is simple, solid oak. The desk has not a spark upon it. The marble shell, upon which the inkstand rests, has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row, between clips, on the table. The paper basket stands near the arm-chair, prepared for answered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into his study and lies at his feet. Work begins. If it is a comedy, the author will now and then walk rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself; if it is a French copy, you shall hear him laugh presently as he hits upon a droll bit. Suddenly the pen will be put down, and through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, the author will pass out into the garden where he will talk to the gardener, or watch, chuckling the while, the careful steps of the little terrier amid the gooseberry bushes; or pluck a hawthorn leaf and gnawing it and thinking down the sidewalk. In again and vehemently to work. The thought has . . . . . letters smaller than the type in which they shall presently be set, it is unrooted now, and the blue slips of paper. A simple crust of bread and a glass of wine, are brought by a dear female hand; but no word is spoken, and the hand and dear heart disappear. The work goes rapidly forward, and thus last suddenly. The pen is dashed aside; a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written and dispatched to the post; and then again into the garden. The fowls and pigeons are noticed; a visit is paid to the horse and cow; then another long turn round the lawn; at last a seat, with a quaint old volume, in the tent, under the umbrageous mulberry tree.

## Original Poetry.

WATCHING.

BY MRS. M. J. M. SWETT.

Fair out into the twilight  
I gaze with throbbing heart;  
At every sound I tremble,  
At every footstep start.

Faster the darkness deepens,  
Faster the night comes on,  
And through the long, long hours  
I sit and weep alone.

The neighbors' lamps are lighted,  
And from each window shine  
Bright beams of welcome—  
There is no light in mine!

Their households are assembled,  
Their homes are full of glee,  
Their shadows fitting swift  
Across the light I see.

But there is one whose coming  
Would make my home more light  
Than those which glow the brightest,  
This dark and dreary night.

And though my heart grows heavy,  
I still must watch and wait,  
For surely he will enter  
Some night within my gate.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

In her hand a bright heart—  
Every glow within her breast,  
Pulses to the couch is fuming,  
Where Cupid takes his rest.

III.

Eighteen hundred years' repentance!  
And the poor thing almost dies.  
For that sight a heavy curse  
Pasting Psyche mortified.

OUTCAST POETRY.

Mr. Bonner,—assisted, doubtless, by Messrs. Cobb and Everett,—is at work getting up a formidable volume of outcast poetry. An indication of the character of the book has been furnished in the columns of *The Ledger*, which have recently been adorned by some very remarkable verses by that probably great, but hitherto unrecognized poet—James Goodeau Bonner. The enterprise is certainly a commendable one, and if all the unhappy verse-writers who have failed to get their poetic claims recognized in other quarters will but patronize it, the sale from that source alone will be immense. We are pleased to learn that one feature of Mr. Bonner's book will be the entire absence of it all sectionalism; thus, the South will have an equal chance with the North, and the black—it is to be presumed—with the white. It is exhilarating, also, to feel that the moral character of the volume will be placed beyond question, by the fact that it is to be published under the immediate eye of Mr. Cobb, while as for its respectability, that will be attested by the fact that "Mr. Everett writes for it." With such guarantees the book will in time find its way into

every drawing-room in the country (even Mr. John A. Washington's, if a copy be presented to him), and will gradually penetrate into every kitchen, and take its place side by side with the *Policeman* and the immortal *Ledger*.

## The N. Y. Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1859.

Our regular Agent for the sale of *THE SATURDAY PRESS* in Boston, Mass., is Mr. Hubbard W. Sweet, No. 128 Washington Street.

## MERCANTILE AGENCIES.

Or, The Japanese Spy-System in New York.

NO. II.

A correspondent asks, quite innocently, "whether any solvent man can, quite to have the state of his business affairs entered upon the books of the Mercantile Agency?" To which we answer, that if "solvent" men are human, like other men, they can and do object to having their names, or other affairs entered upon any books but their own. "If we were to go to a merchant in New York, however 'solvent' he might be, and ask him to tell us who he was, how much capital he had, how it was invested, how much business he did, how much money he owed, how much money was owed to him, or any questions of the kind, he would be perfectly right in promptly showing us the door, and, if need be, helping us summarily out. In our opinion, he would be equally right, under such circumstances, in treating the emissary of a 'Mercantile Agency' (as more than one merchant has done) in the same fashion.

Our correspondent asks further, and with the same exhilarating air of innocence, "whether, after all, eavesdropping may not in some cases—as for example, where it is for the benefit of religion or commerce,—be considered justifiable?" To which again we reply, that an eavesdropper is, under any circumstances, a detectable character; but when he is an eavesdropper by profession and on principle, an eavesdropper under pretence of serving God or man, and especially when he is one who sells his eavesdroppings at so much a drop, he becomes a public nuisance, and as such—whatever service he may render to those who are in collusion with him—he should be promptly slated. He may do some good,—and so, for that matter, may the vulgar talebearer, mouchard, or mischief-monger in the world, but the end in no way justifies the means; for the fact still remains that if there is one pursuit more mean, dishonest, and mischievous than any other, it is that of prying into your neighbors' affairs. Such at any rate is the universal opinion of mankind, and we think that mankind is about right. The day when eavesdropping comes to be considered respectable in any civilized community, (as for solid oak. The door has not a spark upon it. The marble shell, upon which the inkstand rests, has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row, between clips, on the table. The paper basket stands near the arm-chair, prepared for answered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into his study and lies at his feet. Work begins. If it is a comedy, the author will now and then walk rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself; if it is a French copy, you shall hear him laugh presently as he hits upon a droll bit. Suddenly the pen will be put down, and through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, the author will pass out into the garden where he will talk to the gardener, or watch, chuckling the while, the careful steps of the little terrier amid the gooseberry bushes; or pluck a hawthorn leaf and gnawing it and thinking down the sidewalk. In again and vehemently to work. The thought has . . . . . letters smaller than the type in which they shall presently be set, it is unrooted now, and the blue slips of paper. A simple crust of bread and a glass of wine, are brought by a dear female hand; but no word is spoken, and the hand and dear heart disappear. The work goes rapidly forward, and thus last suddenly. The pen is dashed aside; a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written and dispatched to the post; and then again into the garden. The fowls and pigeons are noticed; a visit is paid to the horse and cow; then another long turn round the lawn; at last a seat, with a quaint old volume, in the tent, under the umbrageous mulberry tree.

of the ledger) may have got interested with his position, and, with the consent of Mr. J. L. Jackson, decided to "extend his sphere." Under this arrangement we have copied his Cleveland article (of 1858) to his advantage, in the hope that it may afford him some encouragement, and stimulate him to renewed effort.

## TWO PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

A few evenings since, two individuals might have been seen approaching the portals of the Academy of Music. One of them was a young man of fashionable exterior, whom we will call George Augustus. His companion was the beautiful and accomplished Gunhilda. They enter, arm-in-arm, and are seated, by the bland usher to their appointed place, the fair Gunhilda proceeding with that peculiar step—a sort of "quiddle"—only to be seen in ladies as she enters a theatre. After the customary rustling of her plumes, she finds herself comfortably seated, her ample and costly draperies covering George Augustus, with the exception of two important points—to wit, his head and, of his cane,—which latter is of ivory, artfully fashioned into the semblance of a human leg. The lady's gloves are of course of virgin white, gleaming like tooth of Ethiop. George Augustus was *past* in a faint purplish rose-color. His face does not denote great intellectual powers, but it is mild and benevolent, with a faint dash of despair. His whiskers are resplendent, and form the great charm of his person; the style thereof being pointed, gothic, and fleur-de-lis, while the color is a subdued straw. In such a position as this—in the midst of a brilliant throng, with a lovely girl beside him, listening (or being supposed to listen) to the noble music of Don Giovanni,—and with such whiskers, what more could the heart of man desire?

All—George Augustus was *meat*. He had exhausted all earthly pleasures; he had quaffed the cup of mortal experience to the dregs. In vain for him were the flashing eyes of Gunhilda veiled with the soft film of affection; in vain for him had Mozart written, Ultim cetera, and Piccolumini flirted with her elbow. His soul was dark; his spirit craved excitement.

George Augustus never conversed. His remarks were confined to simple ejaculations, emphatic, but not discriminating. He was silent even during "No leaves." He smiled faintly when the statue bowed his head off, revealing a chevelure of astounding magnificence, and still more decidedly, when Mr. Forrester jumped over the prompter's box. He gave little heed to the grand harmonies of the last act, but he paid marked attention to the commendatore delivering his awful warning, with one eye upon his feet, in order to see that he was in the middle of the trap, and to insure his comfortable descent; and his gentle eye lighted up with emotion as he saw the irreverent Leporello eating macaroni, and choking himself with it. He imagined himself in a circus (excuse him, his illusions had been numerous and potent)—and he was prepared to see the great Forges with a bunch of firewood at his rear, or scattering flour upon the bystanders. He is disappointed in his hopes, however; the somewhat inactive demons come in to point the moral and bear off the unhappy Don to his lurid future residence, and the audience take their departure.

George Augustus (I grieve to say it) resigns the fair Gunhilda to a friend, and pursues his devices down Broadway in quest of other adventure. He made the "façade descent" at several corners, and at last found himself in a long narrow room with a bar at one end and a small stage at the other. It was filled with gentlemen who I am inclined to think were not distinguished by their manners, or by their dress, or by their social position, but who were evidently well educated, and interested in the products of the present hour, will see with surprise some pictures here that are not likely to be much surpassed in this or at any future day. The fashion of straining after meretricious and unnatural effects, which is so prevalent now, found no favor in the eyes of the men who produced the majority of these pictures.

There are several fine examples of Cole, here. A view of the Catskill Mountains, painted in his best days, has been esteemed by many his finest work. A view of Cattskill Creek, with the mountains in the distance, under the aspect of a late afternoon hour, is, for broad effect of light, and richness, yet modesty of color, a rare gem of landscape art. It is one of his latest pictures!

Those who knew this lamented artist, will remember with pleasure, not unmixed with pain, a little picture, a view on the Thames (England), which he painted to fulfil an engagement made to his sick friend, Verity the painter, who had accepted a commission to paint the view only on condition that Cole would do it in the picture itself.

A female figure holding the communion cup, and a picture of a child at prayer at its mother's feet, by Wier, are exquisite examples of this artist's best manner. The sentiment, the drawing, and the color, in these paintings, would not suffer by the side of the best of living masters.

The celebrated Flower-girl, by Ingham, painted with the greatest skill and finish peculiar to this artist, grace this collection. We well remember the genuine admiration which this picture won upon its first exhibition, an admiration rarely merited or obtained amongst us by figure paintings, in the present day.

"Caught in the Act;" a figure of a delinquent boy discovered in the act of drinking stolen milk in the pantry, by Edmonds, is one of his happiest efforts. There are several fine examples of Cole, here. A view of the Catskill Mountains, painted in his best days, has been esteemed by many his finest work. A view of Cattskill Creek, with the mountains in the distance, under the aspect of a late afternoon hour, is, for broad effect of light, and richness, yet modesty of color, a rare gem of landscape art. It is one of his latest pictures!

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# THE SATURDAY PRESS.

## The Saturday Press Book List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

The List of "New Books" and "Books in Press" which we publish, every week, of great cost of both new and used, is carefully compiled from the most authentic sources, and is the most complete and reliable List of the kind which has ever been published either in this country or in Europe. It is not prepared in the interest or at the expense (directly or indirectly) of the Publishing Trade, but exclusively at our own cost, and with the sole object of giving additional value to the columns of THE SATURDAY PRESS.

N.B.—In order to avoid misapprehension, we take this opportunity of informing Booksellers and Publishers, throughout the country, that if we send them THE SATURDAY PRESS, whether regularly or occasionally, it is for the sole purpose of suggesting to them the obvious propriety of forwarding us advance copies of their Catalogues and Announcements. This explanation becomes necessary from the fact that, in two or three instances, it has been inferred that our object in sending the paper was to secure sales-promotions and advertisements: we are, of course, very glad to receive favors of that kind, but when it becomes necessary for us to act upon them, we shall do so in express terms.

### REMARKS.

1. Under the head of "BOOKS IN PRESS" are included not only books actually in the hands of the printer, but those announced as "in preparation."

2. Under the head of "AMERICAN" and "ENGLISH" are included reprints and translations.

3. The List being entirely new every week (except in case of certain standard or otherwise important works which we occasionally insert two or three times) it is important that those who depend upon it for their book-information should preserve the paper in full.

### NEW BOOKS.

#### AMERICAN.

##### NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Father and Daughter. A Portrait from Life. By Frederika Bruner. Translated by Mary Howitt. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Laird of Norwax. A Scottish Story. By the author of Margaret Maitland, "Lillie-leaf," "Orphans," etc. The Days of My Life," etc., etc. \$1.00. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL, ETC.

Life of Mary Anne Schimelpennick, author of Select Memoirs of Port Royal, etc., etc. Edited by her daughter, Mrs. Hankin. 2 vols. 12mo. \$2. Henry Longfellow.

A Genealogical History of John and George Steele-settlers of Hartford, Conn., 1635-6, and their descendants. With an Appendix, containing Genealogical Information respecting other Families of the Name who settled in different parts of the United States. By Daniel Steele Durrie, Librarian of Wisconsin State Historical Society. 4to. pp. 145. \$2. Munsell & Rowland.

The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold. By his Son. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.00. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Life of John H. W. Hawkins. Price, \$1. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.

#### TRAVELS, ETC.

Glimpses of Europe, or Notes Drawn at Sight. By a Merchant. 12mo. pp. 355. Rickett, Mallory & Co. Crescent and French Crayon. By W. L. Dithon, author of Circumnavigations, or Tours to the Americas, etc. 12mo. pp. 371. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Plans of the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the Tributaries of the River La Plata and adjacent countries, during the years 1853-4-5-6. Under the Orders of the United States Government. By Thomas T. Page, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition. With Map and numerous engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

#### HISTORICAL.

Episodes of French History during the Consulate and the First Empire. By Miss Pardoe, author of "The Court and Reign of Francis I." "Life of Marie de Medicis." "Louis XIV." and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century," etc. pp. 361. \$1. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Arago's Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. Second Series, completing the work. 1 vol. 18mo. \$1.00. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

#### LEGAL.

The Mechanic's and Builder's Price-Book, showing in Detail the Price of Wood, Brick, and Stone Work, Paint and Glass, &c. To which is added a Treatise on Architecture. By J. Wilson. 1 vol. 175. \$1. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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#### HISTORICAL.

Ferna, British and Exotic. Vol. 4. Illustrated with sixty-four colored plates and numerous wood engravings. Royal 8vo. Cloth. 18s. London: Groombridge & Sons.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

A Handbook of Railways in Europe, containing the Public General Railway Acts from 1838 to 1858 inclusive, and the Provisions therewith; also, an Introduction, containing Statistical and Financial Information, etc. Notes, Forms, and a copious analytical Index. By Arthur Moore, Esq., Secretary to the Dublin and Kingstown Railways, etc. Crown 8vo. \$2. London: Smith & Son.

#### ART ITEMS.

Ode to "Fernando the Painter." By E. Bentz, author of "Fernando the Painter, or the Edge of Lucknow." 12mo. London: Longmans, Brown & Co.

#### TRAVELS, SKETCHES, ETC.

Outlines of "Fernando the Painter, or the Edge of Lucknow." By E. Bentz, author of "Fernando the Painter, or the Edge of Lucknow." 12mo. London: Longmans, Brown & Co.

#### POETRY.

Photographic Poems. By C. C. Spiller. Cloth. 2a. 6d. morocco. £6. London: C. C. Spiller.

The Pilgrimage of Childe Harold. By Lord Byron. Illustrated for the first time with Wood Engravings from Original Drawings. London: John Murray.

Sketches from the Heart and Songs from the Country. By L. G. Royal 8vo. 3a. 6d. London: Ayott & Son.

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#### AMERICAN.

SMITH, ENGLISH & CO., PHILADELPHIA. Hermetical Manual, or, Introduction to the Ecclatological Study of the Scriptures of the New Testament. By Patrick Fairbairn, D.D., Principal and Professor of Divinity in the Free Church College, Glasgow, author of "Typology of the New Testament," "Ezekiel," "Prophecy," etc. 12mo., cloth. \$1.50. (To be published February 10th.)

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Diseases of the Urinary Organs. A Compendium of their Diagnosis, Pathology, and Treatment. By William Wallace Morland, M.D., pp. 579. \$1.50. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lee.

A Treatise on the Diseases of Women. By Charles West, M.D., author of "Lectures on the Diseases of Children," Physician Accoucheur to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. 8vo., pp. 500. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lee.

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# THE SATURDAY PRESS.

## THE DREAM.

A Bust by Akers, seen in his Studio at Rome.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

A Summer night in Rome.  
Dear Rome! Art and Song and Love, the home—  
An era of beauty's night—  
A murmuring, soft, inexpressible night—  
A Summer night in Rome!

No frigid Northern skies  
Chill us from far, mocking our longing eyes  
And—  
Ah go! the heart bends kind and clasping here,  
And in the other clear  
The stars seem warm and near.

This is the Artist's room,  
Housed in its purple gloom—  
The dim blue light of a Mental Thought  
Which, into marble words, laid—  
Averts sublime and beautiful control—  
Charming the raptured sight,  
Hushing the world in wakening delight—  
Fettered and cramped by sin, and grief, and strife—  
To newer, holier sleep.

Pulsing along the air  
A strange and sacred presence seems to fill  
The studio dark and still;  
Dark—singing only where—  
Through the shadows moves a glowing glow—  
Of gorgeous light, unblended in its flow.  
Looks in the mellow moon,  
The bright twin stars—  
Which the thick vines yield to the winking night—  
And the soul-soothing tune  
Breathing among the distant olive-trees—  
Where blithe birds sing their symphonies,  
Their chords of love and June.

Bethold! a vision there  
Where the broad moonlight floods the fragrant air—  
A dreamy marble face  
Exquisite in grace—  
Serene, like the bright hair,  
Amid its luminous waves of flowing hair—  
Bowed with earnest meaning softly fraught,  
In a trance of thought,  
As though inspired by some rare rare,  
Some picture in the air;  
The deep eyes see what is to me unseen,  
And while it lingers there,  
The spirit of the spirit, lips apart,  
Seem parting now—  
To utter softly—"May—how art so fair!"

This is the Artist's Dream,  
This sweet and noble face—Does it not seem  
A world might break the charm,  
Might starle the drowsy lids with quick alarm,  
Night wake the slumbering soul,  
And make the Dreamer speak?

Ney—breathes more softly—hush!  
Did not the rare lips move?

Paganini trembled when the rose bush  
Of consciousness was thrills his mortal love;  
I dare not stay to press—  
If I am strong—Go forth to the sea,  
Most dainty Dream! The Artist will not see  
That thou hast lost by giving unto me  
A beautiful memory.

A joy forever more!  
Now close the studio door,  
And let the world be no more—  
Wake not the echoes in the classic grove—  
The Artist's soul is there,  
Where, in the eloquent silence, quaint and dim,  
His beautiful creations wait for him!—

—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

## RUSKIN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS

At the opening of the Cambridge School of Art; delivered at Cambridge (Eng.) Oct. 29, 1858.

Mr. Ruskin said: When first he was requested to come and address that meeting, he doubted whether he should speak out *vis à vis*, or whether he should read. On an occasion like that, he always liked to speak; if he could, for whenever he felt glad, he preferred making a spontaneous speech to reading an address. He felt glad that they had established a School of Art; but before an audience like that, he should not like to forget himself. In the heat of speaking, he confessed that he had an unfortunate propensity to get confused, to get round a corner and not be able to get back again. Moreover, it was desirable that what he had to say should be said with exactness. Therefore, he was going to ask them to allow him to read what he had to address to them; though in pursuing that course he felt he was somewhat in the position of a new member who had sent his speech to *The Times*, and *said* my the whole of it, whether quite applicable to the circumstances or not. He was not previously aware precisely what the character of the proposed school would be—whether for artisans exclusively, or for amateurs and females: perhaps they would say that he ought to have known, but there were a great many things he ought to know that he didn't know. His own experience of Schools of Art had been generally derived from those of artisans; the result of that experience he would read to them. Mr. Ruskin then read the following address:

I suppose the persons interested in establishing a School of Art for workmen may in the main be divided into two classes, namely, first, those who chiefly desire to make the men themselves happier, wiser, and better; and secondly, those who desire to enable them to produce better and more valuable work. These two objects may, of course, be kept both in view at the same time; nevertheless, there is a wide difference in the spirit with which we shall approach our task, according to the motive of these two which weighs most with us—a difference great enough to divide, as we have said, the promoters of any such scheme into two distinct classes; one philanthropic in the gift of its aim, and the other commercial in the gift of its aim; one desiring the workman to be better informed chiefly for his own sake, and the other chiefly that he may be enabled to produce for us commodities precious in themselves, and which shall successfully compete with those of other countries.

And this separation in motives must lead also to a distinction in the machinery of the work. The philanthropists address themselves, not to the artisans merely, but to the laborer in general, desiring in any possible way to refine the habits or increase the happiness of our whole working population, by giving them new recreations or new thoughts; and the principles of Art-education adopted in a school which has this wide but somewhat indeterminate aim, are, or should be, very different from those adopted in a school meant for the special instruction of the artisan in his own business. I do not think this distinction is yet firmly enough fixed in our minds, or calculated upon, in our plans of operation. We have hitherto acted, it seems to me, under a vague impression that the arts of drawing and painting might be, up to a certain point, taught in a general way to every one, and would do every one equal good; and that each class of operatives might afterwards bring this general knowledge into use in their own trade, according to its requirements. Now, that is not so. A wood-carver needs his business to learn drawing in quite a different way from a chima-painter, and a jeweler from a worker in iron. They must be led to study quite different characters in the natural forms they introduce in their various manufactures. It is of no use to teach an iron-worker to render the down on a peach, and of none to teach the laws of atmospheric effect to a carver in wood. So far as their business is concerned, their brains would be vainly occupied by such things, and they would be prevented from pursuing, with enough distinctness or intensity, the qualities of Art which can alone be expressed by the materials with which they each have to do.

Now, I believe it to be wholly impossible to teach special application of Art principles to various trades in a single school. That special application can be only learned rightly by the experience of years in the particular work required. The power of each material, and the difficulties connected with its treatment, are not so much to be taught as to be felt: it is only by repeated touch and continued trial beside the forge or the furnace, that the goldsmith can find out how to govern his gold, or the glass-worker his crystal; and it is only by watching and assisting the actual practice of a master in the business, that the apprentice can learn the efficient secrets of manipulation, or perceive the true limits of the involved conditions of design. It seems to me, therefore, that all ideas of reference to definite business should be abandoned in such schools as that just established: we can have neither the materials, the conveniences, nor the empirical skill in the master, necessary to make such teaching useful. All specific Art-teaching must be given in schools established by each trade for itself; and when our open-

tives are a little more enlightened on these matters, there will be found, as I have already stated in my lectures on the political economy of Art, absolute necessity for the establishment of guilds of trades in an active and practical form, for the purposes of ascertaining the principles of Art proper to their business, and instructing their apprentices in them, as well as making experiments on materials, and on newly-invented methods of procedure; besides many other functions which I cannot now enter into account of. All this for the present, and in a school such as this, I repeat, we cannot hope for: we shall obtain no satisfactory result, unless we give up such hope, and set ourselves to teaching the operative, however employed—he farmer's laborer, or manufacturer's; be he mechanic, artificer, shopman, sailor, or plowman-teaching, I say, as far as we can, one and the same thing to all, namely, Sight.

Not a slight thing to teach, this; perhaps, on the whole, the most important thing to be taught in the whole range of teaching. To be taught to read—what is the use of that, if you know not whether what you read is false or true? To be taught to write or to speak—but what is the use of speaking, if you have nothing to say? To be taught to think—now, what is the use of being able to think, if you have nothing to think of? But to be taught to see is to gain word and thought at once, and both true. There is a vague acknowledgment of this in the way people are continually expressing their longing for light, until all the common language of our prayers and hymns has sunk into little more than one monotonous metaphor, dimly twisted into alternate languages,—asking first in Latin to be illuminated; and then in English to be enlightened; and then in Latin again to be delivered out of obscurity; and then in English to be delivered out of darkness; and then for beams, and rays, and suns, and stars, and lamps, until sometimes one wishes that, at least for religious purposes, there were no such words as light or darkness in existence. Still, the main instinct which makes people endure this perpetuity of repetition is a true one; only the main thing they want and ought to ask for is, not light, but Sight. It doesn't matter how much light you have, if you don't know how to use it. It may very possibly put out your eyes, instead of helping them. Besides, we want, in this world of ours, very often to be able to see in the dark—that's the great gift of all—but at any rate to see; no matter by what light, so long as we can see things as they are. On the way, we should soon make it a different world, if we could get but a little—ever so little—of the dervish's ointment in the Arabian Nights, not to show us the treasures of the earth, but the facts of it.

However, whether these things be generally true or not, at all events it is certain that our immediate business in such a school as this, will proper more by attending to eyes than to hands: we shall always do most good by simply endeavoring to enable the student to see natural objects clearly and truly. We ought not even to try so strenuously to give him the power of representing them. That power may be acquired, more or less, by exercises which are no wise conducive to accuracy of sight; and, we see, accuracy of sight may be gained by exercises which in no wise conduce to ease of representation. For instance, it very much assists the power of drawing to spend many hours in the practice of washing in flat tints: but all this manual practice does not in the least increase the student's power of determining what the tint of a given object actually is. He would be more advanced in this part of his studies if he had established a School of Art; but before an audience like that, he should not like to forget himself. In the heat of speaking, he confessed that he had an unfortunate propensity to get confused, to get round a corner and not be able to get back again. Moreover, it was desirable that what he had to say should be said with exactness. Therefore, he was going to ask them to allow him to read what he had to address to them; though in pursuing that course he felt he was somewhat in the position of a new member who had sent his speech to *The Times*, and *said* my the whole of it, whether quite applicable to the circumstances or not. He was not previously aware precisely what the character of the proposed school would be—whether for artisans exclusively, or for amateurs and females: perhaps they would say that he ought to have known, but there were a great many things he ought to know that he didn't know. His own experience of Schools of Art had been generally derived from those of artisans; the result of that experience he would read to them. Mr. Ruskin then read the following address:

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I am afraid this sketch of ours will not be easily composed; but even supposing it should, and that we should begin to enjoy pictures properly, and that the supply of good ones increased, as in that case it would increase—then comes another question. Perhaps many of us have this question very constantly in our heads: and his imagination, if possible, to be developed, even though somewhat to the dismavement of his judgment. It is better that his work should be bold, than faulness: and better that it should be delicate than coarseness.

If, on the contrary, our teaching is addressed more definitely to the operative; we need not endeavor over his powers of criticism very much. About many forms of existing Art, the less he knows the better. His sensibilities are to be cultivated with respect to nature chiefly; and his imagination, if possible, to be developed, even though somewhat to the dismavement of his judgment. It is better that his work should be bold, than faulness: and better that it should be delicate than coarseness.

And this leads me to the second, or commercial question: namely, how to get from the workmen, after we have trained him, the best and most perfect work, as to enable ourselves to compete with foreign countries, or develop new branches of commerce in our own.

Many of us, perhaps, are under the impression that plenty of schooling will do this; that plenty of lecturing will do this; that sending abroad for patterns will do it; or that patience, time, and money, and good-will will do it. And, also, some of these things, all of them put together, will do it. If you want really good work, such as will be acknowledged by all the world, there is but one way of getting it, and that is a difficult one. You may offer my present you choose for it—but you will find it can't be done upon patterns. You may send for patterns to the antique; but you will find it can't be done upon patterns. You may go to the principles of Art to every school in the kingdom—and you will find it can't be done upon patterns.

You may wait patiently for the progress of the age—and you will find your Art is unrepresented. Or you may set yourselves impatiently to copy it. The inventions of the age—and you will find your school of Art entirely unrepresentable either by copy or practice. There's no way of getting good Art, I repeat, but one—at once the simplest and most difficult—namely, to enjoy it. Examine the history of nations, and you will find this great fact clear and unambiguous on the front of it—that good Art has only been produced by nations who rejoiced in it; fed themselves with it, as it were bread; baked in it, as if it were sunshine; abouted at the sight of it; danced with the delight of it; quarreled for it; fought for it; starved for it; did, in fact, precisely the opposite of what is what we want to do with it—they made it to keep, and we to sell.

And truly this is a serious difficulty for us as a commercial nation. The very primary motive with which we set about the business, makes the business impossible. The first and absolute condition of the thing's ever becoming saleable is, that we shall make it without wanting to sell it; may, rather with a determination not to sell it at any price, if once we get hold of it. Try to make your Art popular, cheap—a far sacrifice for your foreign market; and the foreign market will always show something better. But make it only to please yourselves, and even more pleasanly, you may perceive that Art has always destroyed the power and life of those who pursued it for pleasure only. Surely this fact must have struck you as you gazed at the career of the greatest nations of the earth: surely it must have occurred to you as a point for serious questioning, how far, even in our own days, we were wise in promoting the advancement of pleasure which appeared as yet only to have corrupted the souls and numbed the strength of those who attained to them. I have been complaining of England that she despises the Arts; but I might, with still more appearance of justice, complain that she does not rather despise them than despise. For, what has been the source of the rule of nations since the world began? Has it been plague, or famine, earthquake-shock, or volcano-dama? None of these ever prevailed against a great people, so as to make their name pass from the earth. In every period and place of national decline, you will find other causes than those at work to bring it about, namely, luxury, effeminacy, love of pleasure, fondness for art, ingenuity in enjoyment. What is the main lesson which, as far as we seek any in our classical reading, we gather for our youth from ancient history? Surely this—that simplicity of life, and language, and manners, gives strength to a nation; and that luxuriance of life, subtlety of language, and smoothness of manners, bring weakness and destruction on a nation. While men possess little and desire less, they are more honest and simple; while they are scornful of all the arts of luxury, and are in the sight of other nations as barbarians, their swords are irresistible and their sway uncontrollable: but let them become sensitive to the refinements of taste, and quick in the capacities of pleasure, and that instant the fingers that had grasped the iron rod fall from the golden sceptre. You cannot impel me with any exaggeration in this matter; it is impossible to state the truth too strongly, or too universal. For ever you will see the rude and simple nation at once more virtuous and more victorious than one preoccupied in the arts. Watch how the Persian is overthrown by the Persian; and the Persian by the Athenian; the Athenian by the Spartan; then the whole of polished Greece by the rougher Roman; the Roman, in his turn refined, only to be crushed by the Goth; and in the turning point of the middle ages, the Empire of Europe first asserted, the virtue of Christianity best practised, and its doctrines best attested, by a handful of mountain shepherds, without art, without literature, almost without a language, yet remaining unconquered in the midst of the Teutonic chivalry, and uncorrupted amidst the hierarchies of Rome.

I was strongly struck by this great fact during the course of a journey last summer among the northern valleys of Switzerland. My mind had been turned to the subject of the ultimate effects of Art on the national mind before I left England, and I went straight to the chief seats of Swiss history: first to the centre of her feudal power, Habsburg, the hawk's nest from which the Swiss Rodolph rose to found the Austrian empire; then to the castle of Marignano where first in the history of Europe the Swiss won their battle over the soldiers of the Pope; then to the castle of Bellinzona, the highest place of Alpine pilgrimage; then to the castle of Altdorf, where the Swiss army, under the leadership of the famous Zürcher, won the battle of Altdorf; and lastly to the castle of Uri, where the Swiss army, under the leadership of the famous Zürcher, won the battle of Uri. In every period and place of national decline, you will find other causes than those at work to bring it about, namely, luxury, effeminacy, love of pleasure, fondness for art, ingenuity in enjoyment. What is the main lesson which, as far as we seek any in our classical reading, we gather for our youth from ancient history? Surely this—that simplicity of life, and language, and manners, gives strength to a nation; and that luxuriance of life, subtlety of language, and smoothness of manners, bring weakness and destruction on a nation. While men possess little and desire less, they are more honest and simple; while they are scornful of all the arts of luxury, and are in the sight of other nations as barbarians, their swords are irresistible and their sway uncontrollable: but let them become sensitive to the refinements of taste, and quick in the capacities of pleasure, and that instant the fingers that had grasped the iron rod fall from the golden sceptre. You cannot impel me with any exaggeration in this matter; it is impossible to state the truth too strongly, or too universal. For ever you will see the rude and simple nation at once more virtuous and more victorious than one preoccupied in the arts. Watch how the Persian is overthrown by the Persian; and the Persian by the Athenian; the Athenian by the Spartan; then the whole of polished Greece by the rougher Roman; the Roman, in his turn refined, only to be crushed by the Goth; and in the turning point of the middle ages, the Empire of Europe first asserted, the virtue of Christianity best practised, and its doctrines best attested, by a handful of mountain shepherds, without art, without literature, almost without a language, yet remaining unconquered in the midst of the Teutonic chivalry, and uncorrupted amidst the hierarchies of Rome.

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